

CARMEL CYMBAL

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FIVE CENTS



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

IMPORTANT ITEM

Sugar conservation has resulted in cutting down the supply to the Coca-Cola company 20 percent. This results in the company cutting down its supply of the drink to the retailer 20 per cent. So, you'll see at lunch counters in drug stores a sign reading: "We have Counter Cola and Coca-Cola." In other words, you'll get something else urged on you at times when the Coke supply runs down.

ART WHAT IS ART

Our fourth assistant art editor, assigned to the task of uncovering blooms that otherwise would blush unseen, rushed in during a heavy fog this week with the announcement of a discovery. Murals it is. They're on the walls of the Pep Creamery on Alvarado street in Monterey. You can get a cup of coffee there for a nickel, and our man says it's an exceedingly low price to pay for the privilege of looking at those murals. He paid the price—and is taking a week off—without pay.

NEXT WEEK WE INTEND TO ASK A QUESTION OF ANNE MARTIN

In this issue of The Cymbal, and printed proudly, we assure you, because of the fine mind and heart and intelligence of the woman who writes it, appears an article by Anne Martin entitled "The Pacifist's Position in War Time." It took a deal of courage to say the things she has said in this article. It will take still more courage for her to live up to them. But if you know Anne Martin and the work she has accomplished you will know that she has that courage. However, we are a bit puzzled by her present attitude in the light of recent events and the present situation. In the next issue of The Cymbal we intend to ask Miss Martin a question.

WHO'S JITTERY NOW?

There are still jitters in our midst as a result of Pearl Harbor and subsequent events in the areas of war, but it isn't the people who have them; it's the shopkeepers, the little big business people who it would appear from their long faces and sombre mien see nothing but disaster ahead.

As a matter of fact, this "slough of despond" attitude of the merchant manifests itself in the treatment of customers who, if they enter a mart of trade with a smile, leave it in tears and sadness.

"We can't get this, and we can't get that," moan the shopkeepers, while their shelves are groaning with the things they

(Continued on Page 2)

Ann Sheridan's Tour of Army Camps Should Be Banned by War Department

Someone, the other day, suggested to me that I write more comment on national affairs and happenings. It was implied that The Cymbal would thus be made more important and that its readers would be pleased and, perhaps, edified.

I doubt the implication, but whether or no, whether or not The Cymbal will be hurt by this that follows, or benefitted, or whether or not its readers will be edified, or touched in any way mentally or morally by it, I've got to get this out of my fingertips and onto a keyboard or I'll blow up with a resultant mess unsightly.

What prompts this effusion is an article in the magazine section of last Sunday's San Francisco Chronicle, probably a syndicated article appearing in the Sunday papers all over the country. It is datelined Hollywood, signed by Frederick Othman, and possibly authentic despite the press-agent basis of it. It tells of a tour of Army camps by Ann Sheridan, "the strawberry blonde with the oomph", and says that she is going forth, ostensibly, I presume, to bolster the morale of men in uniform in camps throughout the country. It says that "on Saturday she set out with four-inch heels on her hiking shoes and 20 skintight dresses".

Then, to give you some detail about the dresses, designed for the purpose by Milo Anderson, there is this description:

One of Miss Sheridan's frocks, for instance, is of light-weight black and white checkered wool. It fits like a 1942 bathing suit and on each white square is glued a round black sequin. (Sequins are those shiny things.) What are the sequins for? Anderson'll tell you:

"They give the dress a wet, sexy look," he said.

Another of Miss Sheridan's frocks is an evening gown of black jersey, with no back at all, and darn little front.

I presume that Miss Sheridan's tour of the Army camps has the sanction of the War Department, the same War Department that has issued orders for a rigid, and what is said to be a successful ban on all tenderloin districts, and vigorous prevention of prostitution in the neighborhood of Army camps.

So, the War Department says to the soldiers, "we'll give you on the one hand something to arouse every sex desire in the coldest of you, and on the other we'll do our utmost to prevent you from gratifying it. You can't have Ann Sheridan, but you can look at about all of her and at a dance touch about all of her."

As to do this thing she is doing, with the apparent approval of the War Department, Ann Sheridan might just as well walk naked into a camp of soldiers, then thumb her nose at them and be jerked safely into the air and whisked away on the wings of a virtuous morning. She might even better, because the naked body of a woman isn't nearly so alluring and disturbing to a man as one with a square foot patch of cloth on it and a pair of stockings.

If the United States War Department has any degree of regard for the morale of men in uniform, stranded in sections where they are strangers and virtually alone, it will stop this publicity tour of Ann Sheridan and prevent in the future deliberate appearances before groups of soldiers of women from Hollywood who premeditatedly and literally display every mark of their sex. And if mothers of young girls in towns adjacent to Army camps want to prevent domestic tragedies they will demand that the War Department put a stop to this nonsense.

If it's in your mind that I'm an old fogey and a kill-joy, think again. What I'm trying to kill is a lot of anguish.

(I wish a number of people would send this to the War Department.)

—W. K. B.

Great Cellist Comes to Carmel April 18 For Final Music Society Concert

Gregor Piatigorsky, whom Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, declared the "greatest cellist of our day", plays in the Sunset School Auditorium, Carmel, on Saturday evening, April 18, the concluding event of the current Carmel Music Society season. Tickets will go on sale in the Music Society box office at the Carmel Land Company next Monday morning at 11 o'clock.

Piatigorsky was born in the Ukraine in 1903. At the age of six he wielded an instrument almost bigger than himself in a manner that astounded all who

saw and heard him. When he was only nine, his father died, and little Gregor found himself the head of a family which looked to him for support. Dragging his cello, the boy went to the local "cinema bourse", or employment agency for musicians, standing in line with the grown-ups, who laughed and advised the child to "go home to mother, who is probably looking for you." But the determined young cellist stuck it out until he saw the manager, and returned home with a contract to play in the movies in the evenings.

Election Campaign Calms Down To Quiet Work For Five Candidates

What promised last week to be a stirring of the various camps interested in forwarding the fortunes of their respective candidates for election to the council, appears this week to have sobered down to quiet but determined efforts to capture votes by systematic, untrumping means.

There is evident an undercurrent of interest in the election to be held April 14, but there are no torchlight processions scheduled as yet and no bands hired.

Of course, there is what will prove to be an abortive effort to beat Fred Godwin, for no reason that anyone can muster,

but other than that the political pond is calm.

There are three council seats to be filled, the two now occupied by Fred Godwin and P. A. McCreery, who are candidates to succeed themselves, and that vacated by the recently-appointed Arthur Hull, now absent from the city in war work.

Besides Godwin and McCreery candidates for the council are Mrs. Perry Newberry, William Booker and Fred V. McIndoe.

The Cymbal urges the election of Goodwin and McCreery and the naming of Mrs. Newberry for the third place. In our next issue we will give what we believe are good arguments for the election of these three.

CARMEL LIBRARY TO BE OPEN EVENINGS AGAIN BEGINNING APRIL 6

The Carmel Public Library will be open evenings again.

This was decided on at a conference between the members of the city council. The schedule for week-days and the library trustees will be the same as previously—from 11 a. m. until 9 p. m. It is believed that it will also be possible to maintain the present Sunday afternoon hours.

The foregoing had been set in type and was all The Cymbal planned to say about the re-opening of the library at night. Then our attention was called to the "news" story in last night's Herald on the subject. We quote the Herald:

"The action . . . is the outgrowth of a campaign waged by business men and citizens which culminated in a thorough airing of the entire problem at a recent meeting of the city fathers."

That, my friends, comes as near being an example of honorable journalism as well, as Hitler comes to being an honorable man.

WESTON PHOTO ON BACH FESTIVAL PUBLICITY

Thousands of pieces of publicity for this year's Eighth Annual Bach Festival in Carmel are going out very soon to every point in the country. The cover decoration this year is a beautiful photograph made by that arch photographer, Edward Weston. It is a view through pine trees of Point Lobos and the dividing pines form a near perfect V.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew C. Jenkins are back at their home in the Country Club for the weekend. They're down from Livingston, Calif.

Forum To Hear Of Nazi Influences

Dr. Graham Stuart will talk on "Nazi Influences in South America" for the Carmel Forum Thursday evening, April 9, at 8 o'clock, at Eunset Auditorium. Dr. Stuart lectured on South American affairs in Carmel a little over a year ago.

Now a professor of political science at Stanford, Stuart has studied, taught, traveled in and written about the southern countries extensively. He has reported that the Nazi influence is very strong in some of the South American countries. He traces the causes, shows how the propaganda operates, points out the difficulties of meeting it, but has definite solutions to offer for most of the problems.

Admission is free to the lecture which will be followed by a question period.

KUSTER TO READ AND COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS

At 3:15 o'clock this afternoon (Friday), in the Greenroom on Casanova Street, just back of the Playhouse, an interesting group of readings and comments will be offered by Edward Kuster.

The subject-matter will be John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down", Robinson Jeffers' "Be Angry at the Sun", Homer Lea's "The Valour of Ignorance" and "The Day of the Saxon", and Maurice Brown's exquisite though little known "I Remember". Kuster, for many years identified with our local theatre as producer, director and actor, recently directed American and British plays for Max Reinhardt over a period of two years at the latter's famous theatre workshop in Hollywood.

Coffee will be served after the readings.

Ruth Miller spent the week tearing around the U. C. Campus with her friend, Elizabeth Priddy, a student at said university.

can get, but display none of the usual commercial enthusiasm in trying to sell.

Of course, there are exceptions, and the merchant who reads this will immediately reflex himself into one of them but generally speaking the stores on the Monterey Peninsula border on marble halls of gloom, black marble, at that, and have become an influence toward dejection among the people.

The people read the newspapers; they know there are shortages and complete blackouts in many lines of merchandise but there are other lines and other materials and other supplies, and the people are ready and glad to take what they can get.

We don't recommend apathy in regard to the serious situation that faces the free people of the world today, but there is such a thing as morale, manifest in the provision of music and play in the armed camps of America and on the ships of war, and while energy and thought in the direction of all possible aid to the government should not be lessened, our way of life need not be abandoned entirely until it is taken from us.

There is no greater force toward the maintenance of morale among the civilian population and the inspiration of hope and cheer and confidence than that which could and should be provided by those who deal commercially with the public.

"Yoo hoo, Mrs. Brown, we have no more Haley's stew, and can't get any, but here's a delightful little number in the shape of panties which had best be washed with Ivory soap, of which we have aplenty."

"Yoo hoo, Mr. Berkey, we'll take it, and how's the baby?"

THIS C. D. SABOTAGE

There's a sinister influence working or trying to work in this town right now, and don't think we're looking through any lurid lenses, either.

Through whispering and veiled implications, efforts are being made to break down the structure of our Civilian Defense which, we believe, is building most effectively through the labors of Mayor Keith Evans and the city council, and the dozens of department executives working tirelessly and without remuneration in the community interests.

Because of this talk on the streets, and in certain places of business, not accepting the category which include newspaper offices, the work of Mayor Evans and his assistants is being seriously and dangerously hampered. Especially in the lower brackets of the Civilian Defense

organization is this menace particularly effective and difficulty is being experienced in getting the proper sort of help in the division of block wardens. This branch of the Civilian Defense work is perhaps the most important in that block wardens come in closest contact with the public and, in cases of emergency, will have directly the most important work to do.

This sabotage of Civilian Defense in Carmel is particularly sinister at this time because it has political significance. This group of saboteurs is interesting itself in the coming city election of city councilmen. It hopes in some manner to upset the present effective machinery operating through the leadership of Mayor Evans and the council. It is trying to discredit the present city government, two members of which are candidates for re-election.

If government officials investigated this sabotage and traced it to its source things would go hard with certain so-called "upstanding" citizens of this community—and the attention of high officials will probably be called to the matter.

In the meantime, when one of these "upstanding" citizens accosts you with a whisper against the Civilian Defense organization in Carmel, just ask him: "What's behind your line?" and "What are you doing to help?" —W. K. B.

GLADYS JOHNSTON NOW IN HER OWN OFFICE

Gladys Johnston has moved her real estate office. And we mean "hers." The Del Monte Properties Company, whose office she managed at the corner of Ocean Avenue and Lincoln, is closing there, and Mrs. Johnston has moved to the swell sidewalk office location formerly occupied by the Community Information Service. There she opens shop on her own, but will continue to be the authorized representative of the Del Monte Properties in Carmel.

Harry Dick Ross Show Continues

Harry Dick Ross, wood sculptor from the lonely land beyond Big Sur, received a pleasant surprise when the Big Sur stage pulled in with Monday's mail. He was informed by Raymond & Raymond that the critic and public response to his art show in their galleries was such that they were holding it over to include it with their next exhibition.

This is to be one of the important gallery showings of the year as it comprises the work of the many world-famed artists, the association known as An American Group. Headed by such artists as Adolph Dehn, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, William Gropper; 12 years ago this group started working together on the principle that, for the artist, a sound relationship with a wide public is not only possible but absolutely essential to a development that takes his work out of the realm of the over-precious, over-personalized.

In their belief that the United States has become the cultural center of the world, artists such as these, even in time of war, hold firmly to their ideal of transmuting the values of their time into a living art.

The exhibition of work will be a month in Hollywood and then move on to the other Raymond & Raymond galleries across the country.



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Easter Music Programs in Carmel Churches

Carmel Mission

Program of music to be sung by the Carmel Mission Choir, under the direction of Noel Sullivan:

Good Friday

Selections from Anthems and Motets for Passion-tide, by Compagno

Selections from the "Seven Last Words," by DuBois.

"Pie Jesu," by Gounod.

"Come Unto Him," by Beethoven.

Easter Music

"Missa Lafreutica," by Martin G. Dumbler.

"Alleluia," by Mozart.

"Haec Dies," by Gounod.

"Regina Coeli," by Gounod.

Members of the Carmel Mission Choir are: Tenors: Carl Bensberg, Lieut. Renz Mezzera; Basses: Noel Sullivan, Sam Miller, Harry Studendorff; Sopranos: Mrs. R. C. Gibbs, Mrs. Gladys Young, Misses Gene and Sally Wilson, Misses Edith and Betty Lou Fonteneau and Miss Frances Passailaigue; Altos: Mrs. Ruth Cook, Mrs. Marigold Gulick, Miss Anne Barrows.

Abalone League Games Exciting

After the smoke of battle had cleared away from the Carmel High School field last Sunday Great Arbitrator Josselyn took a look at the Abalone League standings and sagely remarked: "Man and boy have I witnessed Abalone League play, but never have I seen a race as close as this one."

In the beginning game of the afternoon Mike Balazs Tigers went to work with a vengeance on Knight's Pilots and nearly handed them a horse collar. Heavy hitting by Mort Henderson enabled the Pilots to score one run; otherwise they were held helpless by the steady pitching of Jimmy Kelsey. This game was played in less than an hour and ended with the score: Tigers, 12; Pilots, 1.

Brilliant fielding by Brewer, Selix and Laystrom aided to keep the Pilots away from the landing base.

In the nightcap Hap HMassty's Shamrocks outlasted Rowntree's Giants in an extra inning game. This game was run off in fast time and produced some exciting moments. The score was tied, 11 to 11, at the end of circled bases in the last of seven innings, but Bill Weir the eighth. Result: Shamrocks, 12; Giants, 11.

The CHURCH of the WAYFARER

cordially invites you to worship God and to share in the gladness of EASTERTIDE in its beautiful sanctuary...

Identical services at 9:30 a. m. and 11 a. m.

EASTER SUNDAY

Lincoln Street, near Ocean Ave.

Church of the Wayfarer

At the Church of the Wayfarer there will be two Easter morning services, the first at 9:30, the second at 11 o'clock. Both will be identical in the order of worship and the sermon. The young children will have their Church School as usual in the downstairs room at 9:45. The first service at 9:30 will be attended by the Youth of the Church School and most of the regular congregation, together with such visitors as may find the earlier service more convenient. The second service at 11 o'clock will accommodate the large attendance of visitors who will share the gladness of Easter in this lovely sanctuary. The young people's Vested Choir will aid in the worship in both services.

Dr. James E. Crowther, the Pastor, will preach on "The Easter Message". Mrs. Grace C. Howden, soprano soloist, will sing, "Hosanna", by Jules Granier. Margaret Sherman Lea, organist, will present the following selections: "Easter Carols", selected; "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," (The Messiah) Handel; "Christo Triumfante", Pietro Yon; "Hallelujah Chorus", (The Messiah) Handel. The hymns will be, "Christ the Lord Is Risen Today", Wesley-Lyra Davidica; "Come, Ye Faithful, Raise the Strain", John of Damascus-Sullivan; "For All the Saints", How-Barnby; "Jerusalem the Golden", Bernard of Cluny-Ewing. The Easter offering will be for the Church's Emergency Relief Fund. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to worship with us on this festal day.



Give Your Easter Pets (bunnies, chicks, ducks)

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All Saints Episcopal

Good Friday

The Three-hour Service, from 12 noon to 3 p. m., with Meditations on the Seven Words on the Cross, by Dr. Crowther, minister of the Church of the Wayfarer and Rev. C. F. Hulsewe, Rector of All Saints' Church.

On Saturday, Easter Eve, 5 p. m.—Children's Service with Easter Pageant, "The Chalice and the Cup." Presentations of the Lenten Offering. Parents and friends of children especially invited.

On Easter Day

Communion. At 9:30 a. m., Choral Holy Communion Service with Easter Sermon message by the Rector. Soloist, Rev. E. Manhire. Solo: "Christ the Risen Lord", by Leon A. Hoffmeister.

At 11 a. m., the Service of Morning Prayer with Easter Sermon message by the Rector. Offertory Anthem: "Lift Up Your Voices Now", by Stanley E. Avery. This service will be followed by a celebration of the Holy Communion. The full Vested Choir will participate. Organ numbers include Handel's "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth", the Hallelujah Chorus and Lotti's "Joy Fills the Morning." Alice Lee Keith at the organ.

Read CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS There are surprises in them often.

BEST WISHES

for

EASTER

from

McDonald's Dairy

Mr. Charles Rayne is back in his Hatton Fields Mega home after spending a week in Los Angeles, of all places.

Grace Moll, who has been living in Reno, is back in Carmel again. She's joined the clan at Janie Otto's.

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W. K. Bassett, Editor

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ter at the Post Office at
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March 3, 1879

Skittering! You Should See It Done Right

If you are at the beach and see a tall young man in a bathing suit sailing at high speed on a small surf board parallel with the beach, it will probably be Malcolm Whitman "skittering", because he is the greatest enthusiast of all. It was he who thought of towing the skitterbug with a bicycle or horse. He also mentions using an umbrella in a high wind to speed up progress. Water-skis are best for towing.

Lemon's has a six-foot surf-board which Whitman recommends for skittering. Although smaller and other types of boards can be used, too. A piece of ply-board when cut to the proper shape will work as well, though it will not last as long.

The skitter fan watches for good skitterwater (a thin surface of water on the sand), runs along the beach, throws the board down, jumps on and away he flies at incredible speed. Malcolm Whitaker, at our request, wrote an article on skittering, but unhappily it is too long for the space we can spare. There is much in it about the sensation, the technique and even the etiquette of the sport which he has made popular here.

There are others who enjoy the sport, including Warren Johnston, Gordon Hughes, Bob Errington, Robert Garsulo, Harley Gillespie, and Bud McDill. The Cymbal's own Dawn Overhulse has taken a spill or two.

Paul Whiteman played to two fans from Carmel along with the other several thousand in San Jose recently. Nadine Meeks and Jeanne Gartner were there to hear him.

Mark Thomas, once popular host at Del Monte Lodge, was down from San Francisco recently with his bride. He will soon be in the United States Navy.

THIS THING AND THAT

MAYBE HE LIKES IT—

(He wants hair on his chest, too.)

Pity, girls, the lordly male.

(You cannot share his plight)

The beard he banishes each morn,
Comes bristling back at night.

—E. F.

Rachel Morton In Inspiring Voice Before Enthusiastic Audience

Birds love to sing. Children love to sing. Rachel Morton loves to sing.

By such declination of a simple but significant verb we find the touchstone that has made Rachel Morton a never-failing source of warmth, beauty, and endless delight.

Endowed by the good fairies that came to her christening, with a larynx designed for producing rich and elegant sound, Miss Morton has done well by her heritage. Never was this better demonstrated than at the Playhouse last Thursday night when she stood before an undeniably distinguished audience and sang her second formal song recital since coming to Carmel a year and a half ago. This time the soprano wore blue, a soft, impelling shade, and a huge plaster of gardenias on one shoulder. She also wore, with fascinating charm, a strange new cloak of dramatic power and glamor, donned for theatre use only and having little to do with the Rachel who is so much a part of our lives from day to day. In fact, the metamorphosis of Rachel, friend, into Rachel, prima donna, was a most interesting and intriguing phenomenon, and one that will haunt me from time to time—probably in the middle of a toast and tea.

Miss Morton's choice of program was indicative of a finely discriminating culture. Her first group of six German Lieder opened with "An die Musik" of Schubert, an excellent choice, as it is a favorite of many and a song in which the singer has long felt intimacy. It was evident immediately that she was in fine voice and well prepared for the evening that lay ahead. The Rubinstein "Es Blinkt der Tau" made impressive demands on the singer's range besides being one of the loveliest things on the entire program. Miss Morton was more than equal to it. Her lower register produced sounds that were deep and round, her high notes were clear, true and effortless. Biggest hand came after the happy spring song of Hildach, perhaps because the audience was more in a mood for smiles than tears, and Miss Morton is one of those fortunate singers who can smile in the middle of a high note and still look beautiful. In fact,

absence of unattractive facial contortions is one very real reason why I can enjoy watching her sing. Her mouth does nice things. Her teeth are beautiful. For an encore at the end of this first group a little Strauss number, "Zueignung", provided a glorious climax.

Beginning with the weighty and beautifully sonorous phrasing of Faure's "Les Berceaux", Miss Morton's French group carried her audience into rhapsody through the medium of such choice numbers as Poldini's "My Dear Little Spinning Wheel", in which I was constantly aware of the artistry and competence of the unobtrusive Mr. Jaffrey Harris' piano accompaniment, the lovely "Muguet" of Missa, and the ecstatic "Ariette" of Vidal to three wisely chosen encores; the engaging "Four Ducks in a Pond", the sorrowing "Elegy" of Massenet, the delicately lovely "Clouds" of Ernest Childs.

Miss Morton's English group was choice, and the sensitive imagery of her delivery will be a memory I'll savour for some time. Her voice was most flexible, even her pianissimo musical and beautifully controlled,

so that the singer's dramatic interpretation was unhampered by any limitations imposed by an organ less adequately trained.

Huntington Woodman of Brooklyn, whose sister, Mrs. Mary Kern, was sitting in the audience, was given acknowledgment through another of his songs, "A Birthday", sung as an encore. His "April Rain", sung in the Morton manner, had already delighted everyone. And then, quite as it should be, Miss Morton concluded her program with "I Love Life", a request number, and I can think of nothing more adequately fit-

ting than that. "I love life," sang Rachel Morton, and meant every lusty note of it.

MARJORIE WARREN

EIGHT CARMEL RESIDENTS ON TRIAL JURY PANEL

Eight Carmel citizens have been selected to serve on the April trial jury panel. They will review their first case on March 31. The jurors are James C. Doud, Sidney Fish, W. Harrison Godwin, Mrs. Velmah C. Hill, Mrs. Marjorie K. Jackson, Ted S. Jerstad, Thomas F. Riley and Amory T. Skeddy, Jr.

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CLANGING CYMBALS



When I finally get my eyes open, I have my alarm clock clutched in one hand, and in the other the tail of Whiskey, the cat. I have dreamt of the air raid warden, for my blackout shutters are not up this morning. But then I remember that I went to bed too tired for light last night, but just slipped in and slept.

It is still fawn morning in the clearing here, with only the gaunt figure of Matthew, the customs collector, limned against a corner of the sky, waiting with a declaration sheet in his hand, for Phoebus to alight from the Santa Lucias. I relax, letting go the cat's tail. Whiskey doesn't pay any attention; he never knows what his tail is doing anyhow. Yesterday he sat on a sill watching a flicker, his long tail waving back and forth like a limp gold scimitar in a basin of hot soapsuds. When the bird flew into the white birch tree, he jumped out and climbed the tree after it, blowing bubbles with his tail as he went. I never had such a silly cat.

Quiet I lie, watching Matthew haggling with the charioteer. There seems to have been some sort of argument of late about the new tires in Phoebus' chariot. Matthew appears to contend that Phoebus, having been on iron rims all these eons, shouldn't have exercised his priority rights in this emergency, his tires being just the size for one of the big motor units; and anyway, Phoebus undoubtedly took advantage of the superior knowledge he has of the situation, getting about the way he does. And Phoebus, a little hot under the collar, because old Matt makes him pay duty on a full day when they both know it's going to be cloudy all afternoon, twits Matthew on what would happen to him if the local draft board ever found out about those eight thousand eligible board feet of his.

Slyly, during the contretemps, a thin bright shaft from the chariot flings itself into the clearing, tipping the unfurling fern brakes with forbidden aluminum and supping up the little mists from poison oak and deep napped redwood needle-point carpet. The little white birch tree, feeling on his new-green face a very old familiar touch, lifts himself and smiles. All the bleak California winter his roots have remembered dear frosts and the hard granite of his native lands; Russian forests and the deep frozen sleep of New England. Precative of blizzards, he has held his limbs contemptuous of redwood and sighed against so easy budding.

And now, for just this April moment, this universal spring morning, he is not in California but in the cosmic bosom of resurrection, in the returning tide, the resurgence of the vernal bloods. He is at home.

It is Easter time.

There is an old city called Warsaw, older than the Queen Jadwiga. The sun comes this morning to touch the Church of Capuchins, just as it has come

three centuries now on Easter day, scendent up the broad terraces that rise from the Vistula far below. It lays its benedictory hand on two hundred palaces and fossicks about amongst a hundred ancient cathedrals, indifferent to their faiths. It breathes with gentle misty breath on the stanchions of the old Iron Gate, the Zelazna Brama at the end of Senators street, and finds at the base of the gatepost, a heap of rags, poking this with a tentative finger until it stirs and moans and sits upright.

Perhaps you would not know it for a human figure, sitting there this good day, but that it has two legs and that its claw-like hands reach up in an old gesture to the string of hair across its head. A woman's first gesture in the morning. Ah, yes, she is awake. Before the man beside her opens his eyes, she will steal to her mirror and brush back that unruly hair and put a touch of lipstick on and look out at the day to freshen her eyes for him. Then she will steal back again and touch him and be alive. The sap of her youth stirs within her, shuddering in the body under the rags. The eyes open, the mind breaks out of memory, of long custom, the hand drops.

For the split hair of a second memories like a rush of old blood to the head animate the face, emaculate now of sex and almost of sense. But even these die dully where the brain has refused their stimulus, and the dropped hand, touching the child in her lap, automatically fumbles for the breast.

The old sagging breast of the young woman gives up sparse droplets to the blonde child, whose hair should have shone raven in the morning sun: not Aryan hair. Your father was a tall dark knight, my babe, whose blood ran blue with Sobieski's strain; no, your father was a golden headed lad with the hard swastika against the breast and the memory of his own mother's milk still damp within his glands. Your Father . . .

The woman lifts her eyes, lifting a little with the old rhythm of the nursing, and fetches within their sight the young bath tree by the iron gate. White birches, Poland's pride. In her tired heart the tender green goes singing and an old recusant sweetness stirs the lax

muscles of her starved body. Suddenly she smiles . . . in a moment she must drag up her pinched skeleton and go on . . . scavenging for old crusts . . . lying again, perhaps before the sun is down, under the biting swastika . . . carrying along the roads and alleys, and into the ditches delivering, another child whose father . . .

But now, now where the inenarrable sweet leaves of the white-bodied tree shed down their grace upon her, this moment when the goddess Eostre walks the earth . . . your Father is the God of mercy, my babe . . . your Father wrings out of the ancient human breast white drops of hope, my child . . . your Father is the resurrection and the life . . .

The woman folds the whining, half-fed child to her, wiping away its scanty excrements with the old rag of her garment. But when she rises to go on her way there is some new strength within her.

The fresh-faced boy wakes just before reveille, and turns in his blankets to face the sun. It takes a moment for his senses to return and reality to focus in him. He has been dreaming, and now when the mists have lifted, he remembers what, and why.

They bedded down last night by a ravaged garden, and in the brilliant moonlight of the tropics he ventured into its paths before sleeping. Those damnable craters had wiped it half away and somewhere in the tangle that had sprung up since its owner had fled he walked into the stench of someone dead. But even in all this abomination the boy had found something terribly familiar. He didn't know much about flowers, being well versed in blind fly-

ing and having, rather, an eye for a target some thousand feet below and a mind that meshed with the motors of his bomber; and all posies were petunias to him. His mother loved petunias and it seemed to him, no foolin', that he had come quite unexpectedly onto his mother's flower garden in this place that was about as much like New England as a rhinoceros is like Old Boss back home. He had thought he must be suffering some sort of hallucination from that helluva fight over the Sumatran mountains yesterday, and by God he'd still think so if his freshly opened eyes didn't see it as clear as day now, that tree.

Jees he hadn't seen a white birch tree must be three years now.

And suddenly he is back there, back by the old chicken pen, he and Joe and Sticky, the baby brother. It is Easter afternoon and Pop has given them, each of his boys, a dozen half-grown chicks for their own. He guessed they must have gone to Church and Sunday School in the morning, though he has clean forgotten that. Only he remembers that afternoon as clear as he ever remembered anything, except he can't rightly recall who think the whole thing up. Prob'ly Joe, the oldest; Joe was thinking up things for the U. S. Marines now and they would be good, too.

Anyhow, Pop had taken Mom for a drive and the boys were left at their own devices, only they couldn't go fishing on account of they threw Sticky in the last time they went, just to see if he could swim yet. So Pop said they'd got to stay home but they had their minds on

fishing just the same. So they'd rigged up their poles, but without any hooks, and then they'd climbed the white birch whose lower limb overhung the chicken yard, with their pockets full of cracked corn.

When Mom and Pop came
(Continued on Page 6)

VICTOR
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DOROTHY MAYNOR

Album of Spirituals

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COLUMBIA

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DEBUSSY

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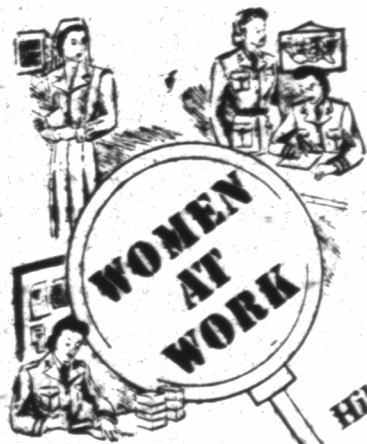
CARMEL VALLEY

Saturday, April 4

W. D. WOOD, Owner-Manager

Carmel 7-R-1

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Comfort, utility, and style . . . all three in these good looking custom made Hill and Dale models for women at work.

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The FIRST GALLEY

BE IT EVER SO POLISHED . .

Here, at last, I have the perfect description of the perfect home. It was on a slip of paper inside one of those bonbons or crackers, that always used to accompany any party worthy of the name. This must have been a very old one. I can't remember any, even in my distant youth, which were on such a high cultural level. Read it and see how your chez-vous stacks up against this model:

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace,
and plenty, where
Supporting and supported,
polished friends
And dear relations mingle
into bliss.

What I want to know is—who supports whom? If any of my polished friends or dear relations can figure that one out, please let me know.

EXCUSITPLEASE!

I wonder if anybody is ever really satisfied with anything they've made, or written, after it's done and out of their hands. The errors and omissions I know are freckling the fair faces of my weekly columns don't bother me very much. No one expects perfection in these casual brain children. Sometimes their freckles are kind of amusing, if you're in the right mood.

But it's different when it concerns something you can dignify by the title of "article", such as the story I wrote about the birth of the Carmel Girl Scouts. I don't doubt there are plenty of omissions and errors I don't myself realize, but I didn't intend to leave out the name of Mrs. Louis Slevin in my list of those with whom I talked while on the trail of information.

There is hardly anyone here now who goes back further in Carmel history than the Slevins, as everyone knows. Curtis' candy store on one side of Ocean Avenue and Slevin's stationery store in the other linked our present solidly-concreted business street with the sandy road full of ruts and hollows of the early days of Carmel. After these two stores became history we hadn't much left to be sentimental over except the fact that we still go for the mail!

When I was listing the members of that original Carmel Girl Scout Council I didn't know Mrs. Ward's first name. It took six telephone calls to find out. No, to be accurate, seven. My sixth call was to Mrs. Slevin. When I first talked to her she

remembered Mrs. Ward perfectly but the first name had escaped her. "Just let me call you later," she said, "it'll come to me." And so it did—and that made the seventh telephone conversation, all in quest of one name!

TAKE IT AWAY, MISTER!

The editor of this sheet may not have much use for Hedda Hopper et al, but she said something in one of her columns that certainly gets my O. K. Speaking of women radio announcers she remarked: "For pity's sake, can't we get women who talk like human beings? Most of the ones I've listened to sound as if they'd just stepped out of Godey's Ladies Book. They're so sickly-sweet and refined that you want to shoot them."

There are a few rare exceptions, perhaps, but the sweetness-and-light in most women's voices on the radio is simply nauseating; that and the obvious patronage in their tones and voices. They talk as if their feminine listeners were a cross between nitwits and naive children in intelligence. Take it away, Mister!

HANG UP PLEASE!

One of the charms of the Nero Wolfe mystery tales by Rex Stout is the lingo employed by Archie Goodwin, who tells the story. He talks a vivid Americanese that is both picturesque and pat, and even when the book is a few years old his language gives the impression of being entirely up-to-date and modern.

That's why, I think, an expression in "The Rubber Band" stopped me for a minute and started me thinking about how our changing and improving inventions make changes in our language.

"I had half a mind," said Archie Goodwin, "to get Wolfe on, but decided to take the message instead, and after I rang off I gathered up the catalogues . . ."

Rex Stout, in his youth, undoubtedly literally "rang off" many a time, but Archie Goodwin could do it only figuratively.

Writers in the early days of telephone history could describe in their heroes putting an abrupt end to a conversation thus: "He rang off."

Later, when the little handle was removed from the side of the box, this changed to: "He hung up"

Both these expressions are good snappy Anglo-Saxon (don't

take this too literally please!) and very satisfactory, in keeping up the rapid tempo so essential to detective stories or in emotional scenes.

But what have we now? Owning to inevitable developments in mechanical improvements we no longer ring off or hang up. Instead: "He laid the telephone back in the cradle."

How you going to make that sound brisk and snappy, I ask you? You can't do it, any more than you can make a villain hiss: "You cofard!" or any other expression without the necessary sibilants in it.

TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING

It occurs to me that there's been no mention of food in this column, which started as a department devoted solely to that subject. I don't intend to get away from it entirely so I'll end with a note I made while down in Los Angeles. A sign, undoubtedly the pride and joy of its owner, informs you that here is "The Home of Sir Loin Burger". I leave you now to digest that and hope you'll be feeling quite recovered by next week.

—CONSTANT EATER

CLANGING CYMBALS

(Continued from Page 5)

home, there they sat on the limb of the tree, fishing for chickens. Catchin' 'em, too, by God, with a piece of corn fastened to the end of the line.

The boy hid his face under the blankets and cried, and waves and waves of chill and alternate fever passed over him. For the first time in his life, he was scared. Something about remembering Mom and the boys like that . . . Mom would be out feeding the hens right about now he thought, forgetting to reckon days and datelines. He could see the three-cornered tear in her old barn coat and her worn hands scattering grain . . . she'd still be singing, too . . . Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day-y . . . and Pop with his farmer's stoop milking Old Boss . . . and those goddam planes coming over twenty-one, fifty, seventy of them . . . and he lost and blind and the sound of the last taps ringing in his ears . . . and the solid ground ten thousand feet underneath . . . and death . . . and death . . . No more—no further suns. And no reason in it . . . what for . . . oh Jesus God, what for?

SPRING TUNE-UP



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\$2.00

Let us check your
motor for you

**Richfield
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5th at San Carlos
Tel. Carmel 1059-W

The thin sudden notes of reveille sounded through the bamboo and the holy myrtle trees and shook terror out of the boy. Sweating, he pushed his head from under the blanket, and then he knew.

The white birch still budding by the chicken pen . . . today, tomorrow, whether he was there or not . . . going on . . . a thousand, a million other little boys out of time fishing for chickens on Easter day . . . in peace, without fear; and hope unblemished and freedom undefiled .

By God it was worth it. And jumping into his pants, the boy felt a sudden healthy hunger for his chow.

Oh, little homesick tree by my window, it is the time when everyman, though he lie down at night with gethsemanes, will find the morning fair.

—LYNDA SARGENT

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

In all Christian Science churches, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, a Lesson-Sermon will be read Sunday, April 5, on the subject "Unreality". The Golden Text will be: "If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand." (ark 3:25).

EASTER GREETINGS TO EVERYONE

from

Mr. & Mrs. J. Weaver Kitchen



NEW SPRING DECORATIONS to brighten your home!

Curtains — Slip Covers for Couches and Pillows

Marie Allen Drapery Studio

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EASTER GREETINGS

from

KIP'S FOOD CENTER

Best Wishes

from

Kip, Sarah and all the boys



Easter Greetings

From

HOTEL SAN CARLOS

Franklin and Pacific, Monterey

A New Innovation

Dancing from 7:30 P. M.

Find Out About Navy From Him

He's as spick and span as the United States Navy which he represents. His name is J. C. Corley and he's a chief electrician's mate, and he's the recruiting officer for the Carmel district, with headquarters in the Carmel Fire House where he can be found every Monday afternoon from 1 o'clock to 4.

Corley thinks young men who are interested in getting into this war should do more investigating about possibilities in the Navy. For instance, he calls attention to the fact that even if your number has been drawn in the draft and even if you have already had your physical examination and are awaiting call to the army, you still can enlist in the Navy. You can do so, in fact, until the date of your actual induction into the Army.

And don't enlist in the Navy, or any of its branches, for any specific term. You can join up for the duration.

After talking with Corley we found ourselves much impressed by what the Navy offers, not alone in service to the country, but in training in innumerable trades. And when the Navy trains you, you're trained, believe us.

We would suggest that you young men with desire to serve your country, get in touch with Corley at the Fire House next Monday.

ARMY DAUGHTERS HAVE BRIDGE TEA TUESDAY

Remember the Army Daughters benefit bridge tea on Tuesday, Apr. 7, at the Presidio Officers' Club.

Come at 1:30 p. m. and play bridge or Mah Jong. Or come in for refreshments at 4 o'clock. You may be the holder of the lucky number and win the attractive door prize.

Tickets are 50 cents. Buy your ticket at the door or from any Army Daughter. All army and civilian women are invited. Make your reservations for bridge or Mah Jong now—by calling Miss Stilwell at Carmel 1453.

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Easter
Greetings

from
CARMEL DAIRY
EARL GRAFT

GARDEN GLEANINGS

By PLANTSMITH

Last Friday I brought my Cymbal copy home by mistake, instead of leaving it at the office. And sure enough I got caught in the mesh of my own weaving. By my own good wife. Not in so many words did she say "why don't you practice what you preach" or "do as I say, not as I do", but rather in a silent sort of challenge.

So I took my shovel and started out to spade up that back forty (square feet—not acres) for later planting of corn and cabbages and things. And it was during the process of grunting and groaning that I thought up a good sub-title for this week's piece — "Vegetables, Weeds & Wife".

The back forty was bounded on the east by an Acacia tree, on the south by a row of Genista, on the north by a mixture of Scabiosa, Chinese Forget-me-not and last year's Chrysanthemum; and on the west by a canyon. Now everything surrounding that plot was volunteer, except the canyon. Weeds, in everyday language. At least according to the dictionary, which says a weed is "a plant out of place". Even that wheat that got sowed by itself out in Kansas was just another weed patch, only the farmers were scared to harvest it or plow it up, or under, until the Government declared it really was wheat. Now I'm wishing there is some sort of Federal agency to make a decision as to whether an Acacia tree that came up all by itself is really a tree or a weed. I have stood up trying to settle this matter by myself, after my moonlight attack with an axe. When I got to the tree a sign halted my axe in mid-air—a sign saying "Woodsmen spare that tree".

And so the family feud goes on into the new garden season. It wouldn't be so bad if the Acacia pods were edible, and if the tree wasn't such a glutton for food and water. And those pesky roots that go on and on in their odoriferous search for more food and water. Just to spade in the vicinity of an Aca-

cia is to remind me of the old deacon who "doesn't swear, but he knows all the words".

One good lesson to be gleaned from the foregoing is this: Next time a seedling Acacia or broom is discovered yank it out by the roots as quickly as possible (if the good wife isn't looking). It may look cute today, but tomorrow or next week it may be the sole occupant of a ten-foot circle of otherwise good productive soil. I know whereof I speak for once I thought I could outsmart an Acacia tree by planting a lawn within its root zone. The Acacia tree and the water company won; the lawn and I were not even a close second.

I have the awful feeling that this may be my last appearance in the Garden Section. It will be if I forget again and bring my Cymbal home and Good Wife sees how I've exposed our feuding over WEEDS.

(Dear Plantsmith: There may possibly be some reason big enough to warrant a man depriving his wife of The Cymbal, but saving his own life is certainly not it.—Ed.)

Billy France Will Give Varieties At Fort Ord

Billy France is still putting on his variety show. Each time, says Billy, the acts are bigger and better, and now, Thursday night, April 9, the talented group of localities will present their bits of whimsicality in Service Club No. 2 at Fort Ord.

The whole thing is admission free, and for the benefit of the men in uniform. While there, five acts will be chosen by the boys to appear in a show to be presented in May by Ord.

Combined, the performance will last for approximately one

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April 3rd to 11th incl.

**STANIFORD'S
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Ocean and San Carlos
Carmel 150

hour and 15 minutes, and will have as master of ceremonies, the First Theater favorite, Bob Bratt. Among the featured acts will be Carolita, professional Spanish dancer; Margaret Mather and her dance group, the Peavey Tumbling Team, and the girls' trio from the Carmel High School.

Anyone who cares to come will be welcome.

LA COLLECTA CLUB HEARS ABOUT AMERICAN INDIAN

La Collecta Club met Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Jansen. Mrs. Clara Dixon was in charge of the program, "Life of the American Indian". Next meeting will be on April 15 with Mrs. Nellie Leyman.

THE CYMBAL in a house dress, but the old heart and soul back again.

CATERING
Gussie Meyer
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CARMEL 1939-J

Easter Greetings

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RED COCKTAIL PARLOR

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WEEK DAYS — NOON to 2 P. M.; 4 P. M. to 2 A. M.
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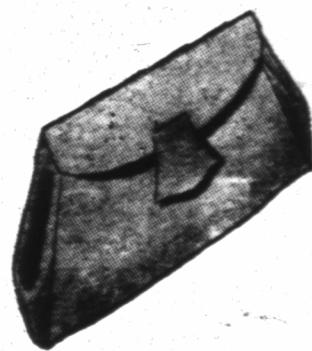
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DESIGNED BY JOYCE to flatter your foot
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MATCHING BAG TO COMPLETE
THE PLAY-SET **\$2.95**

**IMELMAN'S
SPORTSWEAR SHOP**

OCEAN AVENUE

CARMEL

PERSONALITIES PERSONALS

Mrs. H. A. Burgers Did It

Those who attended the Rachel Morton concert last Thursday night were delighted with the large basket of Carmel greens that set off the stage to such great advantage, and many wondered who did the fine job of arranging. Well, it was the talented hand of Mrs. H. A. Burgers that conjured up that artistic and pleasing decoration.

Yodee (Remsen) Johnson Here

In town this week was Mrs. Howard S. Johnson (Yodee Remsen) from her home in St. Paul, Minn. She was a houseguest of Mrs. Paul Flanders, and saw and was seen by her Carmel friends, and they are many. (The editor of The Cymbal, who once did a lot of worshipping at Yodee's shrine, has been told that she looks today just as she did when she lived in Carmel. If this is true, and his domestic status being what it is, he doesn't dare to see her.)

Mary Riley a Bridesmaid

Mary Riley was down from the Saturday wedding of her cousin, Helen Burnette, and Robert Morris. The ceremony at which Mary was bridesmaid took place in Los Altos, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Burnette, one-time Peninsula residents.

From Carmel at the wedding were Mrs. om Riley, Betty Riley, Miss H. H. Hatton, Mrs. Frank Hatton, Natalie Hatton, Mrs. Lester J. Hudson, Mrs. William Booker, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Burnette and Phyllis Burnette.

Just a Detail

In as casual a way as though he were turning in an ordinary for rent classified ad., John Neikirk gave us one this week about incendiary bomb kifs

Many Console DePackhs

The Gustav DePackhs felt very badly about the death of Mickey, the canine member of the family, but were considerably cheered by the many letters they received from Carmel friends, who read the story in The Cymbal, expressing sorrow and sympathy.

New Force Baby Named

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond C. Force, Jr., of Pebble Beach, have named their third daughter, born at the Palo Alto Hospital last week, Carol, a name which

goes nicely with Hammi and Patty, her sisters.

Schoolmate Here

Anne Whitman brought an attractive schoolmate, Dorothy Case, down with her from Oregon State and they were the houseguests of Mr. and Mrs. Colden Whitman while having a lot of fun socially last weekend.

Sue Brownell Hostess

Sade's was the scene of a Saturday luncheon given by Sue Brownell in honor of her houseguest, Betty Small. Attending were Eleanor Morehead, Jean Hyde, Sally Fry, Dorothy McDonald, Mrs. Henry Hasty and Mrs. Ray Draper.

Concert Dinner Parties

A number of "before the concert" dinner parties took place at La Playa Hotel last week Thursday, the night of the Rachel Morton recital. Those who were hostesses and hosts at such affairs were Mrs. John Clay, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Burgers, Noel Sullivan, Mrs. F. W. Ten Winkel and Mrs. Grace Howden.

Father Dies

George Wishart, owner of the Dolores Bakery, received news this week of the death of his father, John T. Wishart, in Salem, Oregon. Funeral services were held there.

Sorority Sisters Guests

Constance Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Zenas L. Potter, now in Washington, D. C., has as her houseguests at the Potter home on La Loma Terrace the freshmen of her University of California sorority. The girls arrived Wednesday and intend to stay until Sunday. Mrs. Edward S. Illig, their neighbor, is chaperoning the party.

Shortly after Miss Potter returns to college, Mrs. Potter's mother, Mrs. John Sinclair Clark, and her aunt, Dr. Mary L. Beaton, will occupy the house for a while. They will have as houseguest, Mrs. William Kemp of Berkeley.

Cast Attends Concert

A number of the Troupers of the Gold Coast, in the current First Theater melodrama cast, journeyed up to San Jose last Friday to attend the Dorothy Maynor concert. Those who made the trip were Rhoda and Gail Johnson, Dick Boone, Jean Humphrey, Margaret Mather and Mrs. Stanton Babcock (Jadwiga Noskowiak).

May We Have a Minute?

You may think you have seen and talked to or, rather, been talked to by life insurance agents who were experts. But you ain't seen or heard nothin'

yet. Wait till you meet up with one Leon N. Lefebvre from Portland, Ore., representing the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa. He blew into The Cymbal office one bright day this week. He didn't win—which shows how expert we are. We did the selling. He's taking The Cymbal for a year, which means, you know, knowing The Cymbal, an eternity. That's our life policy, with a cash return and loan value, and paying dividends weekly. Beneficiary—Lefebvre.

Audrey Clay Weds

Following a plane flight to Las Vegas, Audrey Clay, daughter of Mrs. John Clay of Hobbes del Rio, and sister of Stanley and Artie Clay of Carmel, was married to Walter Jones at a morning ceremony. The couple plans a honeymoon at Palm Springs. They will make their home in Los Angeles where Jones is chief project engineer for Lockheed.

Les Overhulse Recovers

Les Overhulse, one of the many muscles in Carmel's arm of the law, is just about recovered after a minor operation that kept him in bed for a week. He will start back on his old patrol on Monday a little happier, a little wiser, and (best of all) not a little lighter.

Mrs. May Wolcott Crosby, mother of Mrs. Blanche C. Semmens, died at her Tenth and Scenic Drive Carmel home late Tuesday afternoon. She was a native of Chicago. No local funeral arrangements have been made.

Katherine Beaton came down from U. C. Monday to get her Easter-week vacation or die in the attempt. By the amount of text books she brought with her the "vacation" was probably no more than a change of scenery. She returns to school Monday.

Dr. Margaret Long Here

Dr. Margaret Long of Denver arrived Tuesday night to stay several weeks at the home of Miss Anne Martin. Dr. Long will be recognized as author of the book, "In the Shadow of the Arrow", dealing with the early Death Valley history and pioneer trails. She is the daughter of John D. Long former governor of Massachusetts and secretary of war under President McKinley. It was he who sent Commodore Dewey to Manila with orders to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet.

Gladys Johnston's Niece Weds

Mrs. Markham Johnston drove to Sacramento last week-end for the wedding of her niece Barbara Bryant, to Douglas Anderson. Driving with her were Mr.

and Mrs. Alva Johnston of New York, and Mrs. Louella E. Johnston. The Andersons will make their home in Sacramento where Douglas is a cadet in the Army Air Corps.

Doris Wild Married

Doris Wild, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mant K. Wild of Fresno and Carmel, was married Saturday, Mar. 2, to Dave David. They will make their home in Oklahoma City.

"No Host" Party

A "no host" party brought together a group of ten congenial persons at Forest Lodge last Saturday evening for a rather special dinner, held in appreciation of the excellent service given to them in the past by Mrs. Jessie Fisher, former manager of the Lodge. Those who attended the informal culinary treat were Admiral and Mrs. J. S. McKean, Mrs. E. R. Tutt and Mrs. Tutt's niece, Mrs. Blair of Oakland; Dr. and Mrs. Henry Odell, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Winslow and Mr. and Mrs. John M. Dickinson.

Francis Randol in Air Corps

Francis Randol, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. F. V. Randol, has made his way into the Army Air Corps. He's not a pilot or a mechanic, but a teletype operator and will be near home for a while as he is taking his prelim-

inary training at Salinas.

Party for Grandson

Dr. Francis V. Randol threw a birthday party for his grandson, Gary, in celebration of the little shaver's second birthday anniversary. Present were Gary's mother, Helen; Col. Dan Leiniger and his daughter, Mary Ann, and, of course, the granddad and Mrs. Randol.

FORTUNE TELLING READINGS

by
Madam Roma

Tell Your Past, Present
and Future

Advice on all your problems
**BUSINESS - HEALTH
LOVE AFFAIRS**

Occult between Mission and
San Carlos

CARMEL THEATRE

Tonight and Tomorrow

SKY LARK

Charlotte Gilbert - Ray Milland
Brian Aherne
— also —

Buy Me That Town

Lloyd Nolan - Constance Moore
Sat. Matinee at 2:00

Three Days Starting Sunday
April 5-7

SON OF FURY

Tyrone Power - Gene Tierney
Sunday Continuous from 2:00

Wednesday and Thursday
April 8-9

Smilin' Through

Jeanette MacDonald
Brian Aherne
(Technicolor)

— also —
Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan
Castle in the Desert

PICTURE FRAMING

CARMEL FURNITURE HOUSE

Dolores St.
Phone 563-J

Sweeten up
4-
Easter!

Awful fresh **Mac FARLANE
CHOCOLATES**

made awful fresh
for Easter

HANDY! CREAMS 'N' CHEWS

1-lb. box - .53
2-lb. box - 1.16
3-lb. box - 1.69
5-lb. box - 2.89

Get 20% Sweeten inside 4 Easter



HURRY, GET AWFUL FRESH MAC FARLANE
EASTER CANDY AT

FORTIER'S

Christian Science Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist
Carmel

Monte Verde Street, One Block
North of Ocean Avenue, be-
tween Fifth and Sixth

Sunday School 9:30 a. m.
Sunday Service 11 a. m.
Wednesday Eve. Meeting 8 p. m.

Reading Rooms

Ocean Avenue, Nr. Monte Verde

Open Week Days 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Open Every Evening except
Wednesday and Sundays, 7 to 9

Public Cordially Invited



FOR YOUR — SPRING GARDEN —

Rocks for paths and gardens
Canadian Peat Moss
Fertilizer

PLAZA FUEL CO.

For Deliveries call Carmel 180

The Pacifist's Position in War Time

The unexpected black-out in my winter hometown of Carmel started this appraisal of the pacifist's position in war time. I sat in the dark by my fireless fireplace, my windows, the windows of all my neighbors, of the town, dark, not a sound anywhere. No orders had yet been given for adequate black-out arrangements. Local civilian defense was still in process of organization. It was the evening after the declaration of war against Japan, the day of the Japanese submarine attack on Pacific Coast ships following the night when unidentified planes were heard humming high over the California coast.

All the way home in the chill of the late afternoon I had looked forward to a fire and a rest before dinner. No sooner was it lighted than came an imperious pounding on the door. A frantic citizen was on the porch waving his arms at me and shouting:

"Put out that fire! Don't leave your house! Keep under shelter! Don't light any lights! PUT OUT THAT FIRE!" And he was off to warn the next house as the siren sounded. So for three hours I sat with my cocker spaniel in the darkness, an ominous silence covering the night—and thought of the pacifist's position in the war that was upon us.

My aloneness in the cold black house was like the aloneness of the pacifist in war time. I thought bleakly. Personal and mental isolation the lot of the war-time nonconformist, the peace heretic. I wished I could be a fair weather pacifist who opposes war in time of peace and flocks with the majority, the war party, as war approaches. But I couldn't. I began to feel sorry for myself, but suddenly pulled up. Now, I thought, now is the time to avoid sinking into the mire of self pity, going from there to the barren hills of self righteousness, and hating one's self equally in both places, as Jane Addams described her position in the last war. Now is the time to face the issue squarely.

I went over in my mind a talk that very day with a former member of our local peace society, about my opposition to war. "Oh, everybody is opposed to war," she said righteously, "but we have to destroy Hitler!" I pointed out that last time the slogan was "We must destroy the Kaiser!" And that the difference between us was that the true pacifist opposes all war as a means of settling international disputes, as an agency of human action, not only in time of peace but in time of war. I must be careful, though, I thought, not to impugn the motives of former pacifists who support our entrance into this war, not to accuse them of opportunism; there can of course be an honest change of heart

and opinion—but the heart and the conviction could not have been very deep, I concluded. Nothing is easier than to be a peace-time pacifist; the iron test comes in time of war when, like Debs and many others in the last war, one may be sent to prison for one's beliefs, or subjected to most poignant forms of professional and social ostracism as was Jane Addams.

I recalled there in the dark the many times I had pointed out this fact to my audiences during the "long armistice" between World War I and World War II while organizing groups of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom in California and Colorado and other western states. It amused me rather ironically as I sat there that I did not then realize how soon we should have to face the iron test ourselves. During the first world war I never had to face it. I recalled how the National Woman's Party (of which I happened to be national chairman when the United States declared war against Germany) voted at its annual convention in Washington just after the declaration of war in April, 1917, to continue its work for the national suffrage amendment during the war. I was presiding and remembered with a glow there in the darkness and silence the unanimity with which this resolution carried.

The National Suffrage Association through its president, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, had just "given" that organization over to governmental war service. But we in our convention reviewed the bitter experience of the suffragists led by Susan B. Anthony in the Civil War; how they were told by political and abolitionist leaders "This is the negro's hour". How they abandoned their work for woman suffrage to help free the slaves. And when the war was over the negro was enfranchised and votes for women were further away than ever.

I recalled how our pledge was carried out as our contribution to President Wilson's declared war purpose "to make the world safe for democracy". I remembered how we took the politicians at their word though not for a moment were the pacifists in our suffrage group deceived by President Wilson's telling propagandist phrase. To fight a war to make the world safe for democracy is a contradiction in terms. It is as absurd and impossible a way to achieve democracy as is this present war to establish the "four freedoms" of President Roosevelt "everywhere in the world", I reflected. War destroys democracy. War destroys freedom. War destroys the standard of living. I recalled how, throughout World War I our Washington headquarters were busier than ever. We sent speakers all over the

country, we picketed the White House to win the President's support. We finally won that support and the national suffrage amendment at the war's close. To the secret service men who dogged the footsteps of our speakers in many states (they appeared at every meeting I addressed from Seattle to San Diego) we replied: "This is our contribution to making the world safe for democracy". And we were not arrested. Considering war passions I wondered there in the blackout how we accomplished it. It is far easier though to be a suffragist in war time than to be a pacifist. As a suffragist you do not oppose war psychology, as a pacifist you do!

Then, too, I reflected, Carmel is not a typical American small town as Reno, my other hometown, used to be, a town whose economic and social framework is formed by the bankers and merchants and capitalists and professional people, where one's "background" is well known. Carmel is not a typical artists' or resort town, either, though these groups give flavor. The predominance of the rentier class who have lived most of their lives and done their work elsewhere, who came here to rest and die, and the damp foggy climate that brings many people of British extraction, have developed a very conservative and pro-war "make the world safe for Britain" atmosphere. In view of the President's war policy which conceives the safety of Britain identical with the safety of the United States, Carmel is not a congenial place for pacifists in war time, I concluded. But then, what place in the United States is, judged by their experience in the last world war? The absolute pacifists, the war-time pacifists with their renouncement of war and the use of force as futile and self-defeating, with their desire to conserve the young, to preserve

the best of the human race, their horror of mass slaughter their almost religious conviction—a conviction imbued as well with practical wisdom in the perspective of history and in view of the fact that the world has never recovered from the last great war—their conviction that war is the ultimate in brutality, criminality and madness runs counter to one of the most primitive and powerful passions of mankind, folk loyalty in time of danger, patriotism, nationalism. These passions are always roused to the highest pitch by war propaganda and a declaration of war. The pacifists who declare that there is an alternative to war, that fighting is unnecessary in the hour of the nation's greatest peril must resign themselves to being called traitors and cowards, I concluded sadly. Not to be self-righteous, is not the pacifist more understanding of the war patriots' viewpoint than they are of ours? We, too, from our prehistoric, almost pre-human, past are stirred by folk loyalty, patriotism. I have never seen the American flag in a foreign harbor without tears in my eyes. We are stirred by the same instinct inherited from the man-pack that all must hang together and fight together for the pack's safety. And so we face social punishment for our hope that modern society may be persuaded to substitute law and conference and a fair distribution of raw materials and natural resources for the brutal stupidity and horror of war!

How I wished, sitting alone there in the dark, I could join wholeheartedly the Red Cross bandage makers, the "bundlers for Britain", the League of Women Voters and feel the comrades glow all war enthusiasts must feel working with an emotionally heightened common purpose! Never did the aloneness of the pacifist come home

to me as it did that second night of war.

To be one apart personally and mentally, entails suffering—we run the risk of being considered fanatics, our judgment in other matters will be questioned, we lose value as leaders of opinion, as writers, lecturers, practical people of affairs. The pacifist in war time is a fugitive, an exile, an untouchable. We are deprived of the natural satisfaction that comes from the respect and approval of our fellow human beings.

Would it not be better to agree, to run with the pack? I wondered. Perhaps there is something socially unsound in standing almost alone against society. Miss Addams' conclusion was that one's primary allegiance is to one's vision of truth and that one is under obligation to affirm it. I concluded that a person's vision of truth held almost alone in times past may have been and may still be the spark that lights the torch and illumines a new path for mankind. It is worth trying to do!

—ANNE MARTIN

REDDY, ABEL and WILLIE



One familiar harbinger of Spring is the gathering of small fry with baseball intentions.

With the first robin every sandlot becomes a diamond in the rough. Every Reddy, Abel and Willie in the neighborhood grabs a bat and starts filling the sky with clouts.

But there is another sign of the gay season.

There is something else besides kids playing their hit-and-run game that shows winter is on the way out. And that is:

America turns lightly to thoughts of new automobiles.

We always have liked to get rid of winter woollens and the old car at the same time.

However, this habit is not going to be quite so annual as it was. At long last cars will have to last long.

The automobile is here to stay—specially the one you now own.

So the best thing to do is to do the best thing:

Take your rare and priceless vehicle into a Shell Dealer or Shell Service Station for particular attention.

There are Shellmen right around the corner ready, able and willing to apply the elixir of use.

Drive in at the Sign of the Shell at least every 100 miles for free Thoro-Fast service.

You can have a new car this spring—all you have to do is keep your present one that way.

—BUD LANDIS



See Our Window for Children's Easter Pets!

BABY CHICKS - DUCKLINGS and BUNNIES

SUNDECK POULTRY MARKET

Dolores Street

Carmel 649

EASTER SPECIALS:

Milk Fed Broilers and Small Fryers.....37c per pound



EASTER GREETINGS

— from —

CARMEL BUILDERS' SUPPLY

J. O. HANDLEY

Junipero & 4th

Carmel 603

SPRING FLOWERS

for

EASTER

from

DEL MONTE PARK NURSERY

Dolores Street

Carmel



Over the CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

The true story of how come we are so fortunate as to have an authorized deputy sheriff can now be told.

Stuart Fackenthal came home one night to find a telephone call waiting for him and it was none other than Irene Baldwin telling him that the community had decided he was to be IT. The Water Company had gotten together and voted unanimously for him, and had gone his bond, before even informing him that he was now to be a public servant on 24-hour call.

Stuart responded as they knew he would, gladly and willingly. The valley, and especially Robles, had long been in need of adequate legal protection outside of the aid which the Civilian Defense committee is permitted to administer, and we will all feel much better to know that our own deputy sheriff is now on the job—and how!

He was studying for Civilian Defense constabulary under Officer Hay of the Carmel force, and this move on the part of the Water Company was all unbeknownst to him but this means that the vacationist-hunter will have his fun of popping cats, the local dogs, and children somewhat curtailed. It also means that those residents who want to go away for a week end can rest assured that their property will be conscientiously guarded while they are gone, and it means that those residents who only come up for week-ends will not find their belongings tampered with during the week.

We give a vote of thanks to the Water Company for their move and hearty congratulations to Stuart for his splendid work.

Evidence of the fine influence that the first-aid course which the Red Cross gave up here has taken hold came last evening when Tommy Lillibridge hurt his finger while gathering rocks down in the river bed.

Tommy's mother, Mary, had n't come home from the Air Base yet, so ommy was his own nurse and doctor. He appeared over at the Barrel with the finger very efficiently and neatly bound in adhesive tape and cotton, and supported on two sides with splints, made from kitchen matches. A very fine job, too, considering it was the right hand which was hurt and he had to do it left-handed.

When questioned as to how he knew what to do he said: "I read how in a book on first-

aid that my mother has at home."

Good work, Tommy. You'll be valuable if we have emergency calls for first-aid.

Ben Schulte, senior warden for Carmel Valley, gave us definite assurance that three sirens will be purchased for the valley. One is to be installed at Robles, one mid-way between the gate and the Farm Center, and the third at the mouth of the river. These will be used for air-raid and fire warnings. More later about the code when that is decided at the next wardens' meeting.

Dad Wilnot will be home by the time this goes to press if it doesn't rain. He was to have left the hospital last Tuesday, but it rained, and the doctors thought he ought not to go out for the first time in a storm. So if the weather will stay clear Dad will be home with us again and mighty glad will we all be to see him.

Our two defense farmers, Doc Ruehl and Si Hitchcock, are becoming so engrossed in their garden that they don't even know what is cooking half the time. The other day they were vigorously watering the rows of radishes when Hank Dockery came out and leaned over the fence that runs down the center of it, and said: "Don't you two know enough to go into the house when it rains?"

They then discovered that it was raining pretty hard and they turned off the hose and went home with red faces.

The Japs have moved out of the Valley, expensive bicycle and all. No pressure was brought to bear by any of the neighbors. They just up and went.

It looked like Buddy Barnes was going to give Geneva Smith teacher at Tulareitos School, a bad time for a while, till she found out the why of what he was doing.

Buddy, who is five years old, is a pupil of the kindergarten class, but he advanced so far in some subjects that he is admitted to grade classes. The kindergarten is in the small shed outside the main school building, and whenever buddy

has a class in the big building, he moves not only his books but his desk with him. Last week one day he moved back and forth five times but when Buddy does anything he does it right. And if he is in a class he going to be at his own desk.

Henry's rhumba lessons are coming right along and we expect fine things from his at the first dance of the season up at the Center.

High spot of the opening social season was the pre-Easter barbecue that Mort Henderson gave at the Godwin place. The guest list was not revealed but the menu consisted of: 1 can Heinz Macaroni, 1 can chili con carne, 1 can Premier meat balls, 1 can tamale with gravy, 1 can niblets, 1 can Franco gravy, 1 can hot sauce, 3 cans mushrooms, 1 large can pineapple juice, and 2 cakes hard-water soap.

Who cooked it is not known, but if Fred and Mort are not around Carmel or the Valley for some time they can probably be found at the nearest hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hubbard, from Palo Alto, were guests of the Fred Gosses who live next door to Frank Porter. Mrs. Hubbard is a teacher of art in Palo Alto, and found much inspiration for painting in the Carmel Valley. George Koch had better look to his laurels, or aycamores as the case may be.

ELSBETH FREELSON

VALLEY LECTURE NOT UNTIL APRIL 14

Mrs. Lorita Baker Valley's April lecture had been advertised for Tuesday, April 7. This is incorrect. Mrs. Valley will give her regular Second-Tuesday of the Month lecture Tuesday, April 14, at 3:30 p. m. at Hotel Del Monte.

It is interesting to know that Mrs. Valley has drawn larger audiences this year than either of the two previous years she has been coming to the Monterey Peninsula. Her clear-cut analysis of the news of the day and her clever way of weaving reviews of new books into her talks are responsible no doubt for this good attendance.

Now, Call THE CYMBAL by telephoning One-One Hundred.

DEL MONTE
DOG & CAT
HOSPITAL

W. H. Hammond

Castroville Highway
Monterey 8324

HARD-BOILED HEFLING

Frank Hefling, who does the window dressing for Ewig's Grocery store, is spreading his own path with flowers this week because he has conceived and executed the idea of decorating a basket of good, old-fashioned hard-boiled eggs and putting them on display.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS are potent little buggers.

BEST
WISHES
for
EASTER



ASIA
INN

Dining Room open 11 A. M. to 2 A. M.

Let's Go to **Sade's** After the Show
CARMEL Atmosphere

FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE

Certain Vital Commodities Must Be Provided
TO CONSERVE METAL

We urge new home-owners
to build on already established water mains

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In Monterey: Call 3196
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Easter Water Ballet

featuring 25 swimmers and divers, including
America's Greatest Diving Star

HELEN CRLENKOVICH

National Diving Champion

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

2 P. M.

Roman Plunge

DEL MONTE

Admission 50c plus tax

Saturday and Sunday

Semi-Finals and Finals

Del Monte Tennis Championship

With the West's Best Net Stars

INSURANCE

Of All Kinds
May Be Purchased
Through

P. A. McCREERY

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THOBURN'S

Dolores St. Box 148
Call Carmel 142-W



EASTER
GREETINGS
from
EL FUMADOR



DINING OUT TODAY?

Restaurants

COOKSLEY'S
Fountain & Restaurant
Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner
Dolores at Seventh

HOME COOKED MEALS 40c
Steaks, Chicken or Turkey Dinners
50c

BISHOP'S
6th and San Carlos, Carmel

NORMANDY INN
FEATURING THE BUFFET TABLE
Breakfasts, Lunches, Dinners
Ocean Avenue and Monte Verde

ASIA INN
American and Chinese Dishes
Dolores near Seventh

The Blue Bird
Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner
Ocean Avenue near Lincoln

STEVE'S CHOP HOUSE
Colorful... Delightful
Lincoln and Sixth

McDonald's Dairy
Dairy Products - Fountain
Service
Breakfasts - Plate Lunches
Ocean between San Carlos and
Mission - Phone 700

Home Cooked Meals
Steaks - Chicken - Turkey
DINNERS
BISHOP'S
6th and San Carlos Carmel

Restaurants with Tap Rooms

Sade's
Restaurant open 11 a. m. to 2 a. m.
Ocean near Monte Verde

WHITNEY'S
Continental Dining Room
Ocean Avenue

DE LOE TAP ROOM
Sandwiches Served
Ocean near Library

KEYS, BICYCLES, MISCELLANEOUS REPAIRING

Automobile and household keys made anytime. Day and night service. Bicycles sold, rented and repaired. Iver Johnson and Schwinn Master-built bicycles. Lawn mowers sharpened and repaired. Knife and scissor sharpening.
306 Alvarado St., Monterey 5093. (Residence Telephone 3578)
GRIMES & RUHL

I say, old man

where might I find
decent lodgings
hereabouts?

Beautiful Highlands Inn
European Plan
Rates \$8.50 to \$15.00 per day
—Per Couple—
4 miles South of Carmel
on State Highway No. 1

McPHILLIPS' HOTEL
Moderate Rates - Day, Week or
Month.
Special Rates for Men in
Uniforms
Box 1024 - Tel. 515
15th and San Carlos Carmel

Seventh and Lincoln
Telephone Carmel 300

La Ribera

"Home of Hospitality"

Rates from \$8
European Plan

The Rider-Carmel

Apartment Hotel

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Telephone 1758

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a homelike atmosphere
Single - Double
Rooms - and Cottage
By day-week-month
(Soldiers \$1.50)

San Carlos near 7th Tel. 691

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they do.


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Unwanted HAIR Permanently
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Anthony Beauty Salon
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Steam Cleaning
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MISSION AND SIXTH

TEHACO and GOODRICH
Products
BURGESS AUTO SERVICE
N.E. Cor. San Carlos and 7th

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF FILING OF UNPAID ASSESSMENT LIST AND OF TIME SET FOR HEARING
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 27th day of March, 1942, C. C. KENNEDY, Engineer of the Carmel Sanitary District, filed with the Secretary of the Sanitary Board of said District a complete list of all the assessments unpaid on account of the reassessment made to cover certain assessments heretofore declared invalid by the Superior Court of Monterey County, which former assessments were made on account of the work performed and improvements made in said District as described in Resolution of Intention No. 68 adopted by the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District on September 23, 1935, under and pursuant to the provisions of the Improvement Act of 1911, and other resolutions, notices, and proceedings of the Sanitary Board of said District, duly adopted and taken under said act referred to in said Resolution of Intention No. 68, reference being thereto made for further particulars and for a description of the work, and the district therein mentioned, which resolution of intention and the reassessment issued by the District Engineer of the Carmel Sanitary District contained a declaration substantially in the following form: Notice is hereby given that serial bonds to represent unpaid assessments and to bear interest at the rate of six (6) per cent per annum, will be issued hereunder in the manner provided by the Improvement Bond Act of 1911, the last installment of which bonds shall mature four years from the second day of July next succeeding ten months from their date.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Monday, the 13th day of April, 1942, at the hour of 7:30 o'clock P. M. at the regular meeting place

Classified Ads

RATES: 16 cents a line for one insertion (minimum 50 cents); 15 cents a line for two insertions; 20 cents a line, three insertions; 25 cents a line, four insertions. (Special rates for standing ads for six months or more.)

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

EXCEPTIONAL RENTAL VALUES
Furnished Cottages and Houses

MICHAEL ABBOTT
Licensed Real Estate Broker
Dolores near Ocean Tel. 1940

FOR RENT

FURNISHED ONE ROOM COTTAGE on beach. Bath, dressing room, fireplace. \$25 monthly or by week. Tel. 1940. (14)

SMALL COTTAGE suitable for business person. Three blocks from center of Ocean Ave. Rent very reasonable. Phone 1161. (14)

TWO BEDROOM HOUSE south of Ocean Ave. near beach. Completely furnished. \$4250 for quick sale. Betty Jean Newell, Realtor. Ocean Ave. and Dolores. Tel. 308.

THREE BEDROOM HOUSE on Scenic Drive. Furnished. \$65 on lease. Betty Jean Newell, Realtor. Ocean Ave. and Dolores. Phone 303.

SMALL GUEST COTTAGE near South Beach. Garden and Garage. Tel. 1217. (13)

SUNNY 2-ROOM apartment, near center of town. Partly furnished. \$71.50, including utilities. Phone 180. (tf)

RENTALS-ROOMS- REAL ESTATE-Call Mrs. Douglass, Tel. 707. (tf)

FENCE MATERIAL

SEE US FOR GARDEN-Fence material and split redwood pickets.
CARMEL BUILDERS' SUPPLY.
Tel. Carmel 603 (13tf)

of the Sanitary Board of said District in the Sundial Court Apartments Building in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, is hereby fixed as the time and place, by the undersigned Secretary, when interested persons (including owners, contractor or assigns) may appear before the Sanitary Board of said District and show cause why bonds should not be issued upon the security of the unpaid assessments shown on said list and said reassessment.

Dated: March 27, 1942.

ALLEN KNIGHT
Secretary of the Sanitary Board, Carmel Sanitary District.

Date first pub. April 3, 1942.

Date last pub. April 10, 1942.

In the Superior Court of the State of California In and For the County of Monterey

No. 7376

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Matter of the Estate of **MARY JANE WILLIAMS**, also known as **MARY J. WILLIAMS**, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Administratrix with the Will Annexed of the Estate of Mary Jane Williams, also known as Mary J. Williams, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled Court at Salinas, or to present them with the necessary vouchers to the said Executrix at the law office of Shelburn Robison and Eben Whittlesey, Tower Room, Las Tejas Building, Carmel-by-the-Sea, (same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate), in the County of Monterey, State of California, within six months after the first publication of this Notice.

Dated this 23rd day of March, 1942.

MARY F. C. WILLIAMS.
Shelburn Robison and
Eben Whittlesey,
Attorneys for the Administratrix.
Date of 1st pub: March 27, 1942
Date of last pub: April 30, 1942.

FOR SALE

LUDWIG UPRIGHT PIANO in perfect condition. Low price. E. Burnham, Dolores at 8th.

IN CARMEL VALLEY-Furnished house. Electric stove, refrigerator and water heater. Screened summer house. Flat sunny lot. In good location. Reasonable price. Irene I. Baldwin, Licensed Real Estate Broker. Robles del Rio. Phone Carmel 13-J-12. (13)

USED FURNITURE in good condition. Also some lovely antiques. Come in the morning. "Pine Tree," Carmelo near 12th Ave. Tel. 1524. (12-15)

DEFENSE EQUIPMENT

PHONE CARMEL BUILDING SPECIALTIES for your incendiary Bomb Kit: Shovel, rake, two 16 qt. buckets of sand, hoe and axe, \$7.75. Tel. 516. (14)

CLEANERS

DO YOU KNOW that you can still buy a new, genuine Electrolux Cleaner for as little as \$49.50. We still have them but can't say for how long. Sales representative Electrolux Corporation for Monterey Peninsula. Sales, service, supplies and parts. V. L. Tappin. Telephone 5733. (14-17)

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS are potent little buggers.

IRON WORK

RE-OPENED-The Forge in the Forest. Blacksmithing and welding. Specializing in repair of farm machinery. One day service. Junipero and 6th, opposite city park, Carmel. Phone 180. (12-15)

WORK WANTED

WANTED A GARDNER, with room furnished for three days a week at Colonial Terrace. Prefer one that does not sit around cocktail bars until 3 o'clock in the morning. (14-15)

FOR ODD JOBS of typing and stenographic work telephone 1622. (12-15)

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SUPPLEMENT YOUR INCOME-Consumers in Carmel and Pacific Grove are temporarily without Rawleigh Service. Dealers in many Districts earning \$10 to \$15 daily. WHY NOT YOU? Full time or spare time you can earn big money. We teach you and supply all materials if responsible. Write Rawleigh's, P. O. Box 269, Oakland, Calif., Dept. CAC-455-SYI or see L. C. Mohr, RFD 1, Box 129D, Monterey (12-14)

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DO YOU WANT without cost two or one of two beautiful 2-months-old puppies of Alaskan Husky and Elk Hound blood. They are females and in perfect health. Call Connie Flavin, 1175-W.

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LOST PET INFORMATION-If you find a lost dog or if you lose your own-telephone 236-W. Lem-on's (Sporting Goods and Pet Supplies) will act as an exchange for information about lost animals. Sorry we can't keep a stray dog but we will try to find his owner while you look after him. We will also give information to the Cymbal which runs lost pet ads free.

Easter Wishes

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Carmel

Lester Donahue To Give Recital In Carmel April 12

Lester Donahue, internationally known pianist, will be presented by Kit Whitman at Carmel Playhouse, Sunday evening, April 12.

Donahue is known on the Peninsula as he is a frequent guest of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish. He was heard some years ago in a Carmel Music Society series.

Included in the list of sponsors for the Donahue concert will be Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Mrs. Henry Toulmin, Noel Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Haldorn, Mrs. Grace Parsons Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. William Burnham, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin.

Donahue was born in Los Angeles and it was after Paderewski heard him and on his advice, that he started a professional career. Since then he has studied in Berlin with Rudolph Ganz. He appeared in concert in all European capitals. One of his most outstanding performances was given when he was heard as soloist with the Los Angeles, Detroit, St. Louis and Philadelphia orchestras, with Leopold Stokowski conducting.

PAPERS, MAGAZINES TO BE COLLECTED SATURDAY

This Saturday, Precincts 1 and 5 will be canvassed by the FD for paper and magazines. One person in each block will act as a monitor to collect the paper and take it to the storehouse. A special plea is made to everyone to tie their bundles tightly, and make it just as easy for the collectors as possible.

Any time anyone has any paper he wants to get rid of, all he need do is take it to the storehouse on Junipero. It is open from 9 a. m. to 12 noon.

THOMAS HARBOLT IS AIR TRAINING GRADUATE

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Harbolt have received a letter from their son Thomas, saying that he was awarded his diploma from the Army Air Corps Technical Training School at Keesler Field, Miss., on March 10.

He is now located at Moody Field in Valdosta, Ga. Harbolt enlisted in the service last September. His brother, Adrian, joined the Navy in January, and is now stationed at Mare Island.

THE CYMBAL in a house dress, but the old heart and soul back again.

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Give a call to Joe's—"15"
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Carmel Kite Festival Takes Place And 40 Kites Take the Air

The Annual Kite Festival got off to a flying start when on Saturday, over 40 kites complete with student owners and constructors, made their appearance on the high school football field. The weather was perfect for such an event, and the field an ideal place from which to send kites aloft. There were no trees and no wires on which the precious craft could catch and tear.

Within a short time the kites were all displayed and flown, and awards were made: Best Kites (Kindergarten to 3rd) 1. Lee Selvey, 2. Dean Phillips, 3. Skipper Lloyd; (4th to 5th)

1. Carol Hill, 2. Tom Silvear, Bay School; (6th to 6th) 1. Rickey Masten, 2. Mary Henderson; (8th to 9th) 1. Douglas Calley.

Prettiest Kites: 1. Carol Timbers. Oddest Kites: (boys) 1. John Van Houten; (girls) 1. Jennefer Lloyd, 2. Eva Lou Lippi 3. Nancy McCarthy, Highest Flying: 1. Owen Greenan, 2. June Kocher, 3. Sybil Kocher; 200-foot flight: 1. Mort Henderson, 2. David Hudson, Bay School.

Special interest was shown by adults and children alike in Ben Stilwell's Chinese Centipede kite, a rarity in this country.

Girl Scout Victory Garden Will Be Model at Sixth and Junipero

In the vacant lot at the corner of Junipero and Sixth, things are really happening. Monday afternoon, Fred Godwin, with due ceremony, turned the first spadeful of soil on what is to be Carmel's model Victory Gardens.

Under the direction of Mrs. M. H. Brattin, four Girl Scout troops, one Brownie troop, and one Cub troop, will show what can be done in the way of vegetables with Carmel soil and Carmel's unlimited but surely not gratuitous water supply.

The public is invited to come and view the gardens at every stage and angle, and an attempt will be made on the part of Mrs. Brattin and her young but enthusiastic gardeners to answer any question concerning the family food plot.

At the Monday afternoon earth turning along with Fred Godwin and Mrs. Brattin were: Mrs. Lloyd R. Miller, Miss Mary Von Kanel, Miss Skipper Ackroyd; Girl Scouts: Jean Hallett, Alyse Adele Knight, Marlene Ottmar, Ann Ferrante, Patricia Merivale, Schatzi Herron, Gretchen Herron, Jerry Fay Yoakum, Barbara Fraser, Patricia Timbers, Nancy Wilson, Louise Harber, Barbara Muddock, Elaine Arrington, Jennefer Lloyd, Bernadetta France, Mary Louise Lodmell, Joan DeRousse, Yvonne Curry, and, representing the Cub Scouts (Wolf troop), Arthur Harber.

Flower Show to be Held April 6

An outdoor flower show will be given by the garden section of the Woman's Club when it is hostess to the membership at the April meeting which will be held Monday, April 6, 2:30 p. m. at Hotel La Ribera.

The attractive patio of the hotel will have flower arrangements, potted plants, cut flowers, and vegetable seeds which will be on sale. The proceeds will go to the Red Cross.

Miss Elsa Uppmann, head of the California School of Gardening at Stanford University, will speak on the practical aspects of Victory Gardens. Tea will be served. Mrs. Harry S.

Nye, Mrs. William F. Halyard, Mrs. Martin Flavin, and Mrs. Saxton Pope are in charge of the affair which is open to the general public, with an admission charge of 25 cents to non-members.

On Wednesday, April 8, the garden section of the Woman's Club will have a tour which all club members may join. Those interested are requested to be at Hotel La Ribera at 2 p. m. sharp. Mrs. W. M. O'Donnell will lead the tour around gardens of Monterey and will be hostess to the group afterwards at her home in Monterey. Anyone wishing or offering transportation, kindly contact Mrs. Nye, Tel. 643.

Now, Call THE CYMBAL by telephoning One-One Hundred.

Male Chorus In Carmel Concert

The annual Spring concert of the Peninsula Male Chorus will be held April 26 in Sunset Auditorium. As usual it will be free to the public.

There is a surprise promised this year by Jaffrey Harris, director of the chorus. A 16-year-old girl violinist will be the guest artist, but The Cymbal has been asked to withhold her identity until later.

Despite the draft of men for the army and navy, the chorus has been able to keep its ranks well filled and a recent call for first and second tenors had gratifying results.

In later issues we'll give you hints of the program to be offered this year.

Noel Arnold's home at Cypress Point will have the finishing touches put on it this week and he will move in.

Fee and Peggy Logan will risk the war on tires to visit their son, John, and his family in San Francisco this week-end.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS have power far beyond their size and muscle.



**EASTER
GREETINGS**

from

Juney Lee Shop
Ocean Ave. near Mission

Staying with Warren Johnston for a few days is Ted Mable. After leaving Carmel, T will go south to see his father.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Two blocks above Lighthouse on Prescott

New Monterey

invites all army officers and wives to worship with them.

The largest vested choir on the peninsula.

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EASTER

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ALL MILITARY MEN

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